

Weep

by Ten'ou Noriko

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Summary: a monologue free write from the POV of Michiru from sailormoon

Weep

WEEP by Ten'ou Noriko I was never one to patiently pick up broken fragments and glue them together again and tell myself that the mended whole was as good as new. What is broken is broken-and I'd rather remember it as it was at its best than mend it and see the broken places as long as I lived. Margaret Mitchell (1900-1949)

It's overÃ% forever. She was too wild a spirit. Her spirit was like the wind, ironically, the wind has turned to a tempest. In doing so, the waves of my ocean have been pushed back, rocked and dashed beneath it's angry gusts. The ocean is calm, and the wind has died. It left as quickly as the storm had come. The ocean waves are blackened, dull and reek of remembrance and bitter endings. No one noticed at first, but I knew she missed me or perhaps she missed the memories, to which I'll never know. Ever since the storm left, so did her spirit. Wind and water always mixed so nicely, and now each of us had lost. We didn't lose something or each other, it could be said so though, but we both had merely lost the game. Our race had made the final lap without a victory lap, our concerts played the finale without a splendor of applause. Our peers tried to save us from the separationÃ%Heaven knows they tried but once a china doll has broken, it's magnificence being smashed on a hard floor, the pieces are too jagged and broken to be glued together. The strokes of my small paintbrush, which created such vast amounts of magic and grandeur, which had brought the greatest of smiles to the smallest of faces, had died with the wind and the waves. The sweet notes that would infiltrate the concert halls, that would fly from my fingertips playing beautiful madrigals and sonnets had been brutally cut, denied the key to continue with music. How I wanted to patch things up, you must understand, I wanted nothing more but to lie in the arms of the one that I loved, but the human nature, the wretched self worth, more like selfish needs and ignorance, had severed the link that once was

so golden between us. Gold bends, unfortunately, it bent too easily. It bent and twisted like snakes writhing under the heat of the sun. It snapped like a branch, hard to break, each fiber bursting with the painful sound of horror and defeat. How I wanted to see your blue eyes. How I want your blonde hair in between my fingers, feeling it's silk. How I wanted to kiss your lips which were so strong and somehow still tender. Your cologne was ambrosia and equally an aphrodisiac. What type of glue can mend our fragments and jagged pieces, so that the cracks and old wounds will not bear? To what must I do for your words again? I need to hear you~% I need to see you~% I need to feel your presence~% I need too much. I need far too much for that which you cannot give, and for that which I refuse to take. I know you too well, I know you feel the same but the sea has departed from the tempest. The whitecaps to which you have forced upon me have broken. I can no longer stand the remembrance, yet it is what I crave. I can no longer hold on to the china pieces, for they make me bleed the tighter I hold them. The tempest has left, and now the oceans shall weep.

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file.